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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, *March* 6, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XXVI.

Mrs. George's whim.—Company.—Music.—Miss Phyllis's bon mot.—Remarks on village visiting.—The odd fear of an over-righteous dame.—Zimmerman's second essay on solitude.—An invitation.—Nathan's comment on Mrs. George's anthem.—A reward for singing psalms.

"WHAT ravishing tones! I never heard such celestial sounds in my life!" said Barclay to the merchant, as they were proceeding towards the house. "Enchanting! How it rises and falls; how it swells, and then softly and sweetly passes away upon the breeze! What enchantment is this, sir?"

"Some of my wife's," replied Mr. Pawlet; "I wonder you did not hear it before; but the wind is just up, and they have begun."

"What has begun, sir?" inquired Barclay.

"The harps," he answered; "and I fancy if you heard so much of them as I do, you would not find them so enchanting. My wife has placed about a dozen small Æolian harps in different parts of the ground; so that the moment I leave the house, to avoid being pestered with music, I am saluted with it on every side the garden, if there is the least breath of air stirring."

Barclay smiled.

"However," continued he, "I am not so much displeased with this whim of hers, because, tho' unintentionally on her part, it is of some use. They serve instead of rattles, to frighten the birds away from the cherry-trees."

They now entered the house, and found a large company in the parlour; there being three ladies, besides the parson and Penelope, paying a morning visit. Some music being requested, out of politeness, Miss Phyllis played two or three pieces on the harp, and her mother, a long concerto on the piano; at which the parson's dog howled exceedingly, and the "little inharmonious being," as Mrs. George called him, was consequently turned out of the room. After this Penelope was entreated to sing, which she did with such sweetness as to delight all the company, except the musical mother and daughter, who complained very much, with an affectation of pity, that she sung sadly out of tune. Master Stephen on the contrary, paid her many awkward compliments on her singing, and professed, that though he had learned music of his mother, he should come to her to learn the graces of execution. This was said in a way that exposed his excessive vanity, and plainly discovered that he believed himself the object of Penelope's tenderest affection; for he concluded by saying, that perhaps *Science* (meaning himself) and *Grace* might some time or other perform a duet together.

For the sake of the amusement of Mrs. George and her daughter, one of the visitors, who was known to play very ill, was now asked to favour the company with a little of her skill on the piano. She complied, to the great entertainment of the musical junto, and Monsieur l'Abbe, who signified their pleasure to each other by winks and nods. Our hero, sitting by Miss Phyllis, inquired of her whose music the lady was playing.

"'Tis the Battle of Prague," she replied, "by Kotzwarrow, the man who hung himself."

"Ay," said Barclay, "pray what induced him to do so?"

"Why, I cannot say precisely," she replied, in a whisper, leaning towards him, "but probably he had heard this lady play his battle-piece!"

Here she tittered very audibly, and the poor lady, coming to a passage she could not execute, begged to be excused from proceeding. The two other ladies then rose, and the three visitors took their leave. They were no sooner gone, than Mrs. George, her daughter, and Master Stephen, fell upon them without mercy—"And Mrs. What's-her-name to pretend to play," exclaimed the mother, "why, lord, she knows no more of music than—than my husband there. Why she does not know a minor key from a major, or even a third from a fifth. Then her fingers—did you ever see such fingers? they are not fingers, but toes!"

A laugh ensued, and, after a great deal more scandal on the departed visitors, whom the parson endeavoured to defend, our friends rose to return home.

I cannot pass by this opportunity of saying a word or two on visiting, as it is carried on by the principal families in villages. It is disgraceful to all the common, and to all the nobler feelings that should obtain in the breasts of human beings.—There is no good fellowship in it. No love. No kindness. In fine, they are occasioned by idleness and pride, and eked out by calumny and slander. The absent at these meetings are always scandalized; and it is wonderful to me that those who are present, being rational creatures, should be so dull and blind, as not to see that they are treated in the like manner the moment

their backs are turned. When I see three old women sitting round a tea-table; I think I behold the Eumenides, or Furies, daughters of Acheron and Night, seated round the realms of Pluto in Hell. They are Envy, Hatred, and Malice personified.*

After our friends had taken leave of the musical family, and the merchant had privately informed Barclay that he hoped he should often be favoured with his company, Miss Phyllis ran up to her mother, and whispering in her ear, she turned round to the parson, and said,

"Brother, you know you and your family are engaged to dine and spend the evening here to-morrow, to commemorate our wedding-day!"

As she said this, she looked at her husband—he sighed, and she proceeded:

"I hope you will not forget to bring Mr. Temple with you. I trust he will not refuse to join our band."

Barclay bowed respectfully.

"Yes, yes, you must come;" cried the merchant.

That he would be welcome was evident in the looks of every one present, but those of the Abbe; who viewed him with a jealous eye, but was still servilely obsequious.

"I am much flattered by your politeness," replied Barclay, "and shall certainly do myself the honour of waiting upon you."

Penelope, Barclay, the parson and his dog, now quitted the seat of harmony, and directed their way homeward. They had not gone far, however, before their ears were saluted by a hymn; sung, it was very clear, by no heavenly choir, but by some of nature's children, as far removed from angels as heaven from earth. Barclay looked at Penelope, as much as to say, What in the name of wonder, is this?"

She smiled;—the little dog barked; pricked up his ears, and stood still.

"What are you afraid of," said the parson, speaking to the dog; "you silly little thing, don't you know your old friend Nathan?"

As he pronounced these words, they turned a corner, and saw Nathan, the sexton, followed by four uncouth-looking clowns and three boys, chaunting, like Virgil's shepherds to deceive the way. The moment they espied the parson, they all left the path and stood in the road, with their hats off; while Sternold and Hopkins's pious strains died away upon their lips."

"Well, Nathan," said the parson, "so you are a going to my sister's for her instruction."

"Yes, sir," replied Nathan, "we be main perfect now in the psalm, but the anthem (I think she calls it) which madam has given us we can't touch at all. Dang it, there is such running up here, and running down there, as you never heard in all your life. I do think, sir, as how that it ban't religious. When Madam, Miss Phyllis, and Master Stephen sung it, it seemed to me much more liker a country dance than a psalm-tune.——Didn't it, Giles?" continued he, addressing one of the choristers.

"A mortal deal, Master Nathan," replied Giles, "indeed; but I be sorry we cou'dn't larn them too, 'cause of madam's promise!"

"What did she promise you?" asked the parson.

"Why, an please you, sir," said Nathan, "she promised us as much ale as we could drink, if we larnt it well; but now we can't sing a note of the anthem, we shan't taste a drop of the beer."

"Well, there's no great harm in that," rejoined the parson. "But I am sorry to see that my sister impresses you with the idea that you are only worthy of getting drunk when you sing psalms well. However, go to her, and if she does not give you any ale because you cannot sing the anthem, come to me; and I will take care, if you behave well, that you shall not want as much as will do you good."

THE END OF VOLUME I.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on our's.

* One of these ancient and over-righteous dames, who dwelt in a petty place in Swisserland, told Zimmerman, that "she did not express any indignation at the wickedness of her neighbours, as it was evident to her that remonstrance would be lost on such incorrigible sinners; but it grieved her to the soul to think that she must appear at the resurrection in the company with such wretches."

Zimmerman observes in his second Essay on Solitude, that "in the unvaried stillness and stagnation which reign in small and remote country places, too frequently lie buried an acrimony and rage of the passions, rarely observed in great cities." He then remarks on "the mean subterfuges they court to save themselves from the wearisome discontent for ever impending over them: the extreme dreath of their ideas; the avidity with which they resort to the card-table; *and the patient and indefatigable vigilance with which, from morning to night, they act the spy upon the uninteresting inanity of each other's lives, and chronicle the most trivial and indifferent actions!*"

The Commentator, No. 25.

.....Invertum contristat Aquarius annum.
HORACE.

UPON saluting the reader after my long absence, I conceive it unnecessary to offer an apology for my silence, as it is very possible that he may have wished I had continued for ever mute. For my own sensation, I can assure him, that on returning to my moralizing occupation, I feel a considerable degree of pleasure. This pleasure may be said to originate in vanity, and that sentiment of self-complacency which finds its gratification in seeing our own productions handsomely printed on a beautiful paper with a neat type, and all the other little decorations, the application of which the shrewd typographer so well understands. The remark may be made with the appearance of justice. But in reply I will simply observe, that from the circumstance of my being *incognito*, the sphere in which my vanity can indulge itself, must be very contracted.

This is the season when Aquarius saddens the inverted year, and when, by the established laws of custom, the world launches out into all the follies which are comprised under the comprehensive term *fashionble*.—Balls, assemblies, and the long train of *et ceteras*, mark the new world as rapidly advancing in the path of folly to an equality with the old. It is true, that we have not so refined upon fashionable amusements, as to invert the whole order of nature, and turn day into night, and night into day; but we are but a grade beneath those nations of Europe, whose business is folly, and whose principle is frivolity. A tour through some of the New England states has evinced, that in a southern climate, and a fertile soil, the weeds of fashionable follies flourish with more vigour and greater luxuriance, than in the less favourable atmosphere of the north. In the sterile soil of some of the states which are classed under the common name of *New-England*, benevolence and the social virtues experience a greater growth than where they are choked by luxury and pride, generated by idleness.

To say, that our eastern brethren are deficient in politeness would be palpably false; but they are free from that species of cold formality which characterises their *refined* southern brethren. Yankee cunning and sagacity have been proverbial. Yankee hospitality ought to be no less so. No illiberal sentiment, the offspring of prejudice, against those large and populous states, which form the southern extremity of our territory, are harboured in my bosom;

but I have somewhere met with an observation, which is, in my opinion, very just —that "*where slavery abounds, vice will predominate.*" Admitting this to be true, it must be naturally inferred, that hospitality, liberality of opinions, and all the virtues which are bestowed upon mankind, to counteract vice and to hamonize a diversity of dispositions, are to be found in a greater proportion among those states where liberty is not a mere phantom but a reality.

A stage coach has been the scene of many a ludicrous adventure, and the variety of characters which are there thrown together, as it were by the hand of chance render it a vehicle of amusement, to the mind that can sufficiently abstract itself from interested concerns to investigate the different subjects which the company present. It was not merely expedition or amusement that induced me to select the stage as the most suitable conveyance in my late journey,—it was a due attention to the state of my finances, which would not permit my travelling in state. When I left the city, it was so early in the morning that I could not discern the features of any of my companions; but two of them who sat immediately before me, soon discovered themselves, by the skill with which they handled sundry law-terms, to be members of the learned fraternity of lawyers.—They were, however, interrupted by the entrance of a person, as we were departing from the stage-office; but the cessation was but momentary, for the coach setting off with velocity, communicated a sympathetic motion to the tongues of the two learned gentlemen. It was to me a phenomenon in natural philosophy, that the component parts of an animate body should experience a motion corresponding with that evinced by an inanimate object, whose motion is caused by compulsion. The aforesaid gentlemen continued to talk with a rapidity proportionate to the progress of the stage, and their tones were modulated agreeably to the noise occasioned by the rattling of the wheels over the stones, always taking care to exceed it. The din occasioned by these discordant sounds was tremendous. The person who had entered last had discovered very evident signs of uneasiness, from the commencement of our route, and having rode some distance without finding any cessation, he began to vociferate a drinking song with the lungs of a Stentor. The clamour this occasioned was almost deafening, but it was only momentary, for the law-gentlemen, were, from astonishment, almost instantaneously silent. Pleased with his success, the stranger, who had so effectually silenced his talkative companions, interrupted the calm by entering into conversation with one of them on the comparative merits of the two rival cities of New-York and Philadelphia, Of the former city he was an inhabitant, and with much vivacity asserted its superior advantages over the latter, in every respect. Its trade, its hospitality, its situation, were alternately the theme of his declamation; and every individual point was as warmly contested by the two lawyers. The New-York advocate finding the volubility of the practioners of law exceeded his own, endeavoured to compensate for the deficiency by increasiug the tone of his voice, until I was really afraid I should be under the necessity of recurring to his own remedy, and once more restore silence by adding to the tumult. However, by a few well-timed concessions, the boisterous inhabitant of our sister city was restored to his good humour, and the rest of the journey past away in tranquillity.

The partiality of either party, to that place whose very disadvantages, by long custom, had become habitually endearing, was extremely natural, and threw me into a train of pleasing reflections, which occupied my mind the greater part of the way. Local attachments, though founded on prejudice, are the concomitants of a contented and unambitious mind, and the beautiful lines in *Goldsmith's Traveller* forcibly recurred to my recollection:

"This is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam—
"Our first best country ever is at home." J.

REMARKABLE INGENUITY OF RATS.

BARON NEWLUND, a nobleman of Guelderland, and a captain of a man of war in the States General's service, being sent to Spain in the time of war, to convoy some merchant-men, the surgeon of his ship, finding it was to no purpose he every morning counted the eggs which he kept for his patients, carefully locked up in the hold, as many of them were daily missing, he at last suspected his servants of having a false key, and stealing them: accordingly he struck one of them, who had given him a saucy answer on this occasion. He not being used to such corrections, resolved to find out the thief, and actually brought it about. Having told the discovery to his master, he would not believe him, and was going to strike him again. The poor fellow almost distracted, applied to the captain, namely, the baron himself, who proved as credulous as the surgeon. However, his obstinacy, in affirming what he had seen at last prevailed upon the baron. He accordingly ordered the closet, where the eggs were disposited, to be bored through in several places with a large gimblet, and he with several others, went down about midnight, and posted themselves each at his peep-hole. A few minutes after they saw three large rats coming to a barrel, wherein the eggs lay, (which was half empty) and had the satisfaction of seeing their whole contrivance in conveying them away. One of the rats went down into the barrel, a second got up and posted himself upon the edge, and the third stayed without at the foot of it. It was impossible for the spectators, though there was a lamp burning in the closet, to see what the rat in the barrel was doing, but he that stood upon the edge seemed to stoop into it, and draw up something to him, raising himself up gradually; the other, that was without, got upon the hoops, and raising his head as high as he could, received into his mouth something from that of the other upon the edge; upon which the last plunged once more, and drew again something, which he gave over to the rat on the hoops, and this proved to be the tail of the rat in barrel, whom they were drawing out of the barrel. His whole body appeared at last, with his head downward, and holding an egg in his fore paws. Then they having him in equilibre, and upon the edge of the barrel, still holding fast the egg, the one took him by the tail, and the other by one of his ears, and thus gently from hoop to hoop brought him down to the ground. This done, and he being still upon his back, and having his prey between his paws, they dragged him along by his tail towards a private place, where the spectators lost sight of them; but they soon after came back, and in less than a quarter of an hour played over the same felonious trick, at least three times, and thus carried off as many eggs.

CAUTION

Given by the Royal Humane Society.

"In great sinking of the strength, especially in the end of fevers, and other acute diseases, patients frequently lie in a state resembling death. If the bed cloaths be removed, the heat of the body will be immediately dissipated, and every spark of life destroyed. By not attending to this important circumstance, it is feared that the lives of thousands of our fellow creatures have been sacrificed, and their bodies committed to the grave, who by a more humane conduct, would have been restored to life."

[*The following story, copied from an European publication, was handed in by a correspondent. It is written in the true terrific style, and.....but the sequel will disclose the secret.*]

STORY OF AN APPARITION.

IN the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultrey, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman by name Barbarosse came to the chateau on a visit for a few days; he was cordially received, being of a pleasing lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accomodation.

The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably; and after supper they sat round a comfortable fire and diverted themselves with songs and stories: the former as is generally the case, were some of the tender and pathetic kind, and some were sprightly; but the latter were for the most part, of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to preternatural occurrences.

The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room on the first floor, having three doors; two of these belonged to two little closets; one on the right that overlooked a farm yard, and another more to the left, that presented through the window, a view of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited the rooms in the morning, and looked out of the windows to enjoy the prospect for a great while.

As he entered this apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he put his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it, to prevent accidents; a large elbow chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy, he sat down, reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavoured to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents, the watch bell tolled two; but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplations: he was suddenlyaroused from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound, issuing from the closet on the right hand, and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the floor at short intervals!

Alarmed at the circumstance he walked slowly to the bed-side and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he placed carefully upon the table and resumed the elbow chair. All was again as still as death, and nought but the winds which whistled around the watch tower, and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

Barbarosse looked toward the door of the closet, which he then, and not till then perceived was open, and hanging upon a a jar. Immediately a fierce blast, forced it wide open—the taper burned blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct.

Barbarosse rose up, put forth a silent, hasty ejaculation of prayer, and sat down again: again he heard the noise! he started up, seized the pistols and stood motionless: whilst large cold drops of dew hung upon his face. Still his heart continued firm, and he grew more composed; when the rusiling and taps were renewed—Barbarosse desperately invoked the protection of Heaven, cocked one of the pistols, and was about to rush into the potentous apartment, when the noise increased and drew nearer: a loud peal of thunder that seemed to rend the firmament, shook violently the solid battlements of the watch tower, the deep-toned bell tolled three! and its hollow sound long vibrated on the ear of Barbarosse, with fainter and fainter murmurs, when a tremendous cry thrilled him with terror and dismay, and the long dreaded spectre stalked into the middle of the room, and Barbarosse overcome with surprise and astonishment at the unexpected appearance sunk down *convulsed** in his chair.

The phantom was armed, *de pied en cap*, and clad in a black garment. On his crest a black plume waved majestically, and instead of a glove, or any other lady's favour, he wore a blood red token. He bore no weapon of offence in his hand, but a gloomy shield made of feathers of some kind of bird was cast over each shoulder; he was booted and spurred, and looking upon Barbarosse with ardent eyes, raised his feathery arms and struck them vehemently against his sides, making at the same time the most energetic exclamation!

Then it was that Barbarosse found that he had not shut down the window of that closet in the morning, from which neglect it happened, that a black game cock had flown into the closet and created all this inexpressible confusion.

* Lest any of the faculty should wish, ineffectually, to be informed what species of culvulsions affected Barbrosse, I think it proper to satisfy their truly laudable curiosity by anticipation, and to assure them, *fois d' homme d' honneur*, that his disorder was a convulsion of laughter only

Music! Dancing! Billiards!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

DETACHED SENTENCES

For the admirers of FRANK LIBERAL'S *Doctrine.*

IT may be remarked, that a *quantum sufficit* of libertinism is concealed under the specious grab of *Frank Liberal*'s stile.

Mr. *Liberal* appears to *stop at nothing*; he is at least a *bold* champion for dissipation.

It is not to be wondered at, that the votaries of pleasure have their advocates—her disciples are innumerable; many indeed are "rakes at heart," who outwardly have the semblance of religion.

Frank's sophistry can only be equalled by his temerity.—In both he is unparellelled.

Such writers as *Frank* may obtain a momentary triumph; but, truth is mighty and will finally prevail.

The way to obtain rest after severe mental or bodily fatigue, according to Mr. *Liberal*, is to go to a ball, and there, of course, dance until 11 or 12 o'clock. Even the girls laugh at this idea: indeed the morning after such *repose*, they sometimes grin from the effect of sore limbs; for even the alert and agile female is accessible to fatigue.

SENEX.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS,

Addressed to PARENTS.

WOULD it not be advisable for little Misses to learn to *read* before they learn to *dance?*

Is it really one of the wise modern improvements, that dancing is considered as an adequate substitute for mental improvement?

Is it consistent, that the professors of Christianity should attend balls and dancing assemblies?

Does not the great increase of dancing schools argue an increased and alarming degeneracy of manners and morals?

Is it probable that children early initiated in the rites of dissipated assemblies, where pleasure is the only object sought, will ever be able to bend their minds to the acquisition of useful knowledge?

VERUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN your two last numbers, I have seen a question stated, which, though of very great importance, has been very superficially treated by two of your correspondents, viz. *Ten-Love* and *J. I. H.* The subject of disquisition, is the BILLIARD-TABLE, or playing at Billiards.

Ten Love wishes to be informed or determined, whether there can be any sin in spending an "idle hour" at Billiards "for amusement," when there is no bet laid? It is very well known, that there is not a single game played at Billiards, but there must be money lost or won, whether there be a "bet laid" or not, for it is an invariable rule that the loser always pays for the table;—consequently every one is "flushed with hope," (and indeed, with every concomitant emotion) the moment he begins, and of course will find himself as much interested, and as eager for success, as if he had a wager depending.

The gentleman confesses, "that if any sum of money whatever be staked upon the game, that it becomes a crime, because it then becomes gambling." I have already shewn, that there is always money staked; and no matter whether it be little or much, or whether there be any extra sum by way of wager, still there is money at stake, and nothing alters the position; therefore I look upon it as gambling, in every sense of the word. It must then be allowed, that this is *one step;* and all who have studied human nature, or studied themselves, will own, that to take but *one step* in this or any other amusement or vice, without perceiving the evil, or being aware of its tendency, will naturally lead to another, and another, and so on, by a quick succession or gradation, till it becomes habitual; and what appeared at first to be wrong or sinful, will, by our being continually exposed to, or witnessing, lose in a great measure its effect upon the mind; as is generally the case with those who have become habitual swearers: It then appears less criminal,—innocent,—an accomplishment, &c. "until at last it may end in their total ruin." But supposing, though not granting, that it were not evil or criminal, in itself, simply or abstractly considered, yet we are commanded to avoid all appearance of evil! How far we obey this command in frequenting the Billiard Table, will be further shewn.

I have every reason to believe, (and I suppose it will not be denied) that the greatest proportion of its votaries are persons of loose morals, and one cannot attend it without mixing in their company; which is being exposed to more temptations than one. Is it not then very strange to assert, that there can be no impropriety in associating with professed gamblers, &c.? or to suppose that our hours for relaxation, can be either innocently or profitably spent in such company?—It is a subject that ought to be considered collectively, that is, we ought to consider the motive, action, and tendency, or consequence; as indeed we ought in every action, and every pursuit, whether of pleasure or profit.

One of the arguments adduced by *Ten Love*, to prove the innocence of his favourite game of Billiards, is its similarity to the "childish play of marbles:" but this I look upon as a very slender support; nor do I think it can be properly applied, for what is innocent in a child, will, or may be criminal in a man. The proportion of our sin rises in proportion to our advancement in the knowledge of good and evil. *Ten Love*, in advancing this argument, seems only to consider the action in itself, which, as I have stated above, is wrong, because he loses sight of its consequences: Now the same consequences cannot attend, or be attached to this amusement in children. This I presume the gentleman will allow; and if he is not already determined, I shall be glad to hear his further doubts and scruples, whenever he can spare an "*idle hour*," from business, or from the "Billiard Table."

I have read over J. I. H.'s answer to O***** and Ten Love, but I cannot find any thing decisive in his arguments,—his "one word more to Ten Love" in the close of his epistle, is the only thing he seems to have either written, said, or "done" to the purpose. Respecting music "I am clearly of opinion," that our becoming inhabitants of Heaven, does in no degree depend on our learning music while in this world. J. I. H. however, appears to be of a different way of thinking; at least he asserts something diametrically opposite. I would just beg leave to ask the gentleman, whether he is "credibly informed of *this* in the word of God?" That "it forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven" I shall not dispute; but that they who are well acquainted with music here, will have the advantage of those who have it to learn when they arrive there, is beyond conception erroneous: nay, I am surprised, that a man who, I suppose, calls himself a Christian, would advance such a gross absurdity; it is a doctrine that ought to be treated with every possible contempt. I wonder when this learned gentleman was informed, that the same music which is sung here, would be sung in heaven; for if he cannot prove this, I can prove that all who "arrive there," will be on a par, not only in this, but in every other respect.—He has indeed found a way to exclude from that blessed place, the greater part of mankind, and that by means entirely new, and before unheard of.*

Nay, he has even had the cruelty to exclude a great part of his own relations or ancestors, (which I think is rather inconsistent, if he has the least spark of regard remaining for them); for I am much mistaken if they all are, or have been connoisseurs in music.

"One word more to" this *great man*, and I have done." If he finds, or pretends he finds proofs for his assertions in the word of God, I must say, he has a strange way of perverting the Scriptures, or rather, he must be entirely ignorant, not only of the spirit, but of the letter of sacred writ. G.

[* The writer is certainly mistaken in this observation:—Mrs. George Pawlet's reasons for excluding her husband from heaven, in the story of *Old Nick*, shews that J. I. H.'s sentiments on this head are by no means novel.

Another correspondent speaking on the above subject, has the following remark—"When he (J. I. H.) dies, I advise him to give strict charge to those who have the care of his funeral, to bury his musical instruments with him (for I suppose he is a musician) for if his opinion should prove well-founded, he may have use for them, as it is full as likely he may want instruments, as it is that a knowledge of the musical art will prove useful to him in a future state." *Ed.*]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Go, wand'rous reas'ner! go where dancing rules,
Go, see, if thou find wise men there, or fools;
Instruct those youths, who in this orbit run,
To see their folly, and the danger shun. POP.

"*Touch the gall'd jade on the sore and she will wince.*"

IT is ever to be observed, that the guilty mind is the first to declare its innocence; and the person who is conscious of his deficiency of any virtue, will be the first to affect the possession of it: hence I conceive my friend Frank (whom I must acknowledge is *frank* indeed) has assumed to himself the surname of *Liberal;* but he has fully discovered that however the other may corresspond with his real name, *this* at least is fictitious. If my friend Frank had really been *liberal*, he certainly would have treated the subject with some degree

of liberality; instead of which he discovers great soreness of nerve, as well as ill nature, by descending to the vulgar means of bestowing on his opponent the opprobrious epithet of "Timon, Timolean, grim-visaged bachelor, batlike-critic, accute Tyro, &c." From this specimen of argumentation, it would appear, that this *liberal champion* for dancing, has picked up a good deal of *his* honour, probity, benevolence, and the other social virtues, either at a dancing school, or at the University of of *Billingsgate* or *St. Giles's*. If instead of such knock-down arguments as abuse, and the application of foul and uncharitable epithets, my friend Frank had treated the subject like a gentleman; he would have given a more substantial proof, that "dancing may be acquired without sacrificing the amiable virtues of honour, probity, benevolence, and especially liberality. From the mode of his defence I conclude he can be nothing less than a *dancing master*,—otherwise he would not so soon have lost his temper, and have discovered so much passion. He seems to write like one much alarmed; like Demetrius of old, who, when he saw his craft in danger, cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" But this stickler for dancing is not content with shewing his prowess in defence of that science, but he turns critic too! forgetting that the necessary qualifications for discharging this duty are a little more profound than the stepping out a minuet, or tormenting the catgut. I confess, if Frank is correct, he has made a new discovery, at least to me, when he calls dancing "a vicissitude of human life!" But when a man is in a passion, we ought to overlook these little inaccuracies, notwithstanding they proceed even from a critic. But to have done with his criticisms, as well as his witticisms, let us attend a little to his profound logic; for he has certainly discovered that he is also a logician. He asks, "can there be no dancing without sacrificing honour and probity?" to this *important* question I will not hesitate to answer, yes;—what then? does this prove that too much attention may not be paid to this accomplishment, to the neglect of more valuable acquisitions?——He then asks, "cannot honesty and benevolence receive their required solicitude, altho' the theatre is visited?" Altho' "unarmed at *any* point by sophistry," I am not obliged to admit this conclusion, much less "that industry can generally remain unimpaired, admitting that a knowledge of music is acquired." If Mr. Frank can produce but *one* lady who makes a constant habit of going to the theatre, and is well acquainted with, and practises music, who attends to the domestic concerns of her family, and to the happiness of her husband as she ought, I will admit that he has, so far as an individual can establish a general principle, carried his point: but this is not enough, he must prove that this is *generally* the case; and that visiting the play-house, and learning music are no kind of obstacles to the attainment of other beneficial accomplishments.—Again, my friend happens to be unfortunate in the choice of his argument, when he asks "is it possible that human nature can continue ever studious; the mind requires rest from intense application equally, if not more so, than the body." Granted; but what studies does my friend allude to? surely the study of honour, honesty, benevolence, &c. is not here intended; these are generally acquired more by habit than by intense application. I think this intense application is more generally employed in learning music, because as a science that has the greatest variety of any, and certainly must require intense application; so much so, as to exclude in a measure every other study in which the youth, at this season of life, ought to be engaged. I suppose then my friend Frank means to say that when the young ladies are tired of playing music, they ought to relax a little by having recourse to the ball, and when their bodies are also fatigued, they ought again to relax a little by going to sleep; and then they will be disposed to act the same beautiful variety of pleasures over again, to the exclusion of every other important acquisition. Is it not so Frank?—Before I conclude I shall just notice Frank's liberality once more, in his attempt, by a clumsy falshood, to enlist the female sex on his side—He says, "O's invectives are principally directed towards the female sex, and, that he bewails with canting regret, &c." for my own part I confess I have read O*****'s piece with some degree of attention, but cannot discover any such thing as "invectives," much less any thing partially implicating the female sex, but rather the contrary, they are held up as having the greatest claim to our solicitude. Now supposing, as I do, that Frank is a *dancing master*, and that his living depends on this science, I can *frankly* forgive him for what he has already advanced in the Demetrian as well as the Billingsgate stile, and hope he will resume the subject, and give a full scope to his liberal soul, in those beautiful effusions which so eminently adorn and grace his last piece.

AN OLD DANCER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

HAVING heard a good deal of the strong mental powers of Miss C. a scholar of Mr. Neal, only *ten* years old, I was determined to satisfy my mind by trying her talents, both in prose and poetry. I, therefore, proposed several subjects for her sentiments extempore; and was astonished to find her equally ready at all, at the same time exhibiting a penetration, judgment and accuracy, which are often looked for in vain in persons of maturer years. This observation is verified by the inclosed, on *Content*, which was composed in a few minutes; and which affords a striking proof, not only how much quicker is the maturation of the minds of females than of males, but also how important it is to cultivate the scion of genius in its tender infant state, especially if we ever expect or wish it to bud in beauty, bloom in sweetness, and bear the fruits of knowledge and of wisdom. Specimens of this kind will by parents be viewed with delight, by pupils with emulation, by the liberal with pleasure, by adepts in composition with admiration, and by the critic himself (whose true characteristic is, or ought to be *candor*) with approbation, indulgence, and even patronage.

B.

ON CONTENT.

CONTENT is a treasure of inestimable value: and virtue, knowledge, and content, are the principal things, that are requisite to make a person happy. Though we possess riches in abundance, and all our acquaintance flatter us with professions of friendship; yet, bereft of Content, *we are miserable; and all mankind cannot prevent our being so, if we possess not this blessing. Costly furniture, though it may at first glitter and please the eye, yet, after we have viewed it a few days, it becomes familiar to us; and what we once viewed with delight, we now turn away from with disgust. Content, in a great measure, enables us to submit to the will of* DIVINE PROVIDENCE, *without murmuring, in whatever situation he is pleased to place us.*

JUNIA.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

FOR THE RHEUMATISM.

Take of garlic two cloves, of gum ammoniac one drachm, blend them by bruising together, make them into two or three bolusses with water, and take one at night, and one in the morning; Drink while taking this recipe, sassafras tea, made very

strong, so as to have the tea-pot filled with chips. This is generally found to banish the rheumatism, and even contractions of the joints, in a few times taking.

—

FOR A SORE THROAT, OR LUMPS IN THE THROAT.

To one gill of the juice of pounded nettle-root well strained, add of rose-water and white wine vinegar, each one spoonful; put them into a tin saucepan, over a good fire, for about a quarter of an hour, then set it by to cool, and when you mean to use it, make it pretty warm, and soak a strip of flannel in it, then scrape a little nutmeg over the wet flannel, and apply it on the outside of the part affected: this you are to repeat twice in 24 hours, when it will most certainly complete the cure. Roll a strip of dry flannel over the one applied to the part.

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 6, 1802.

Solution to N. MAJOR'S *Question,* IN PAGE 111.

BY transposing x^2+z in the first equation, we have $y^2=a-x^2-z$, and by transposing z^2+x in the third equation, we get $y^2=c-z^2-x$, hence $c-z^2-x=a-x^2-z$, from which $x^2-x=a-c+z^2-z$, & by putting $a-c=102=d$, completing the square, &c. gives $x=\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{2}$, which squared, gives $x^2=d+z^2-z+\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{2}$, this substituted for x^2 in the second equation, gives $y+2z^2-z+d+\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{2}=b$, and by subtracting we have $y=b-d-\frac{1}{2}-2z^2+z-\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}$, put $b-d-\frac{1}{2}=86\frac{1}{2}=e$, then $y=e-2z^2+z-\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}$, which squared gives $y^2=e^2-4ez^2+4z^4+2ez-4z^3+2z^2+d-z+\frac{1}{4}-2e+4z^2-2z\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}$, this value of y^2, and of x, found above, substituted in the third equation, gives $e^2-4ez^2+4z^4+2ez-4z^3+3z^2+d-z+\frac{3}{4}-2e+1+4z^2-2z\times\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}=c$, & by subtracting we have $4z^4-4ez^2+2ez-4z^3+3z^2-z-2e+1+4z^2-2z\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}=c-d-e^2-\frac{1}{4}$, which reduced gives $-43+z^2-\frac{1}{2}z\sqrt{d+z^2-z}+\frac{1}{4}=85,75z^2-43z+z^3-z^4-1864$. This squared and reduced,

Gives $\left\{\begin{matrix}310865,0625z^2+11129z^3+171,5z^6+2z^7-\\157756,25z-10977,5625z^4-259,5z^5-z^8\end{matrix}\right\}=3285435,75$,

which solved gives $z=6$, from which $x=12$, and $y=9$, as required.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

—

MR. HOGAN,

UPON sending a servant the other evening to attend to a very violent ringing of the bell, the following letter was found thrown into the entry, addressed to **. *******. The circumstance is so singular, and the style, method, &c. so *original*, that I cannot forbear requesting a place for it in your useful Repository. Perhaps a more selfish motive than the gratification of your readers, induces me to make it public, as I wish hereby to inform Miss AMANDA, that if she will leave her address with you, or with any other person whom she may think more proper to trust the secret with, it shall be most punctually attended to. It may not be amiss to remark, that this is the second letter on the same subject, received in the same manner.

A SUBSCRIBER.

—

To **. *******.

GOOD Doctor, with a piteous face,
I come to tell my hopeless case;
Since you have such amazing skill,
That you can cure me if you will.
I love, alas! too well I know,
I love a most enchanting Beau:
The sad disorder grows apace,
And clouds with care my ev'ry grace.
I'll state my feelings first of all
To know if those you symptoms call—
Know then a most tormenting pain,
Shoots frequent thro' my heart and brain—
My mem'ry's short, my spirits' low,
I dream of Cupid and his bow—
For several hours I sit and sigh,
And the tear trembles in my eye—
Whene'er I pass a shady grove,
I think upon the swain I love—
A seat beneath a willow tree,
Is quite a paradise to me.
Wakes the soft impulse in my breast,
And robs my sicken'd soul of rest—
And now, good Doctor, pray prescribe,
And I'll prepare the glittering bribe.

You did not think it worth your while to answer my last but I hope you will not neglect this—Please to send your answer to me, and direct it to Miss Amanda.

"Why heaves from my bosom a sigh,
"Why fix'd are my eyes on the ground;
"I steal all alone, and then try,
"To banish each care with a song.

"I lean on my hand with a sigh,
"My friends the soft sadness condemn;
"Methinks, yet I cannot tell why,
"I should hate to be merry like them."

But I live on the sweet hope of seeing you once before you leave this place.

AMANDA.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE IN PAGE 127.

THE silver DEW-drops in the beauteous spring,
Or e'er the lark ascends aloft to sing,
Bespangle o'er the grassy meads and plains,
Inviting forth the early rising swains.
Presenting beauties which no mind can trace,
Unless contemplated on Nature's face:
Where liquid diamonds glitter and display,
Splendors superior to the rainbow's ray.
From the torn bowels of the earth we find,
Ascend metallic ores of every kind;
Abject indeed, at first—is iron ore:
But soon it forms a LOCK to keep the door,
And lock the coffers of the tyrants store.
The first revers'd, and to the second join'd,
Will shew, for what the cloister'd virgin pin'd— [know,
The happy state of WEDLOCK, which we
Exceeds all other bliss enjoy'd below.

OLIVIA.

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City ...On the 4th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Dr. White, Mr. Henry Nixon, to Miss Morris, daughter of Robert Morris, Esq.

Deaths.

DIED....In this city....On the 26th ult. Mr. Francis Mason, a native of England.... On the 27th, after a lingering and very afflictive illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Chalk, wife of Mr. John Chalk, proprietor of "Chalk's Circulating Library"...Same day, Mr. Peter Knight, Æt. 80....Same day, Joshua Porter, by a fall from the wharf at Arch Street, on a spar as it lay in the dock; he has left a wife and 5 small children.

——At Bordentown, (N. J.) Mrs. Ruth Allison, Æt. 73.

——At New-York, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Frances Brodey, wife of Mr. Alexander Brodey, (formerly of this city.) ☞ For the information of the friends of the deceased, the printers in the southern states are requested to publish the above.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clio meets our approbation—his several communications will be faithfully attended to.

We relish *Sancho's* wit, and invite his future correspondence: but a *quantum sufficit* on the subject appears in the present number. His "*General Orders*" remain under consideration.

"*Ten Love*" is deferred: he will find his remarks chiefly anticipated by "*G.*" and will at the same time have the collected arguments of his opponents before him.

In "*Lorenzo*" we recognize an old correspondent, though in a dress he does not often assume; but which very well becomes him.

Few subjects seem too high for "*Carlos's*" daring muse, —"*The War Horse,*" not excepted.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO PITY.

"....Perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."
POPE.

OFFSPRING of Love and Sorrow, gentle pów'r!
Whose pearly tears, pelucid, fill thine eyes!
Whose bosom heaves a sigh when Virtue dies!
Oh! come with me t' employ the vacant hour.

In search of haunts of woe, of deep distress;
In misry's gaping wounds to pour relief;
To calm the troubl'd mind, surcharg'd with grief:
Comfort the widow and the fatherless.

Grant me thy native energy divine,
To weep at folly, vanity and pride!
Kindred emotions may I never hide,
Sweet Maid! for such alone are thine.

So cause my eyes at Sorrow's tale to flow;
For Pity's tears can soften ev'ry woe.
EUGENIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ODE TO AN INFANT.

THOU little harmless, tender bud of love,
Welcome, thrice welcome! With parental care
By day we'll watch thee, and by night will prove
That we in all thy little griefs do share.
Little charmer, why, ah! why
Force that agonizing cry?
So soon dost thou taste of trouble,
Tho' from care and sinning free—
Ah! alas! it will be double
Should'st thou taste iniquity.
If thou livest, soon shall care and toil
Wrinkle thy brow, and crush the rising smile.

Tho', helpless innocent, thy wants be few;
Tho' cares and fears for dark futurity,
And dire misfortunes, can't thy soul subdue;
Or time's possessions all disquiet thee:
Yet of grief thou hast a taste—
Seeking for the soothing breast—
Cholic-pains and stomach sick;
And too oft the careless nurse
Pierces thee unto the quick.
What still makes thy suff'rings worse,
Thou can'st cry, and twist thy little hand,
But we thy language do not understand.

Ah! accidents, and potent ills around
Thy tender frame in countless numbers press;
E'en kindness' hand may oft inflict a wound,
And parents hurt thee while they would caress.
Pale disease will lend her pow'r
To destroy thee, tender flow'r.
Thus life's path is strew'd with woes;
But 'tis full of pleasures too;
Providence does interpose
Blessings numberless; for you
The AUTHOR of thy being hath prepar'd
Those ills, to fit for Heav'n, thy great reward.

Thy tender mother feels for all thy woes,
Sighs for thy sigh, close to her bosom press'd;
And often too the tear afflictive flows,
When thou by sickness art depriv'd of rest;
But when thou dost sweetly smile
Quite forgotten is her toil:
Then she tastes of all thy joy,
Claps, and hugs, and kisses gives;
Then her moments quickly fly;
All is peace;—her darling lives.
—So when the storm has rag'd o'er hill and plain,
The sun appears, and all's serene again.

Fair Innocent! like thee, man, boastful man,
Is but an infant whilst he here remains;
His night, an instant in the Eternal plan,
Replete with torment, dire disease, and pains:
But the day will quickly come,
And friendly angels guide him home.
Here tho' pains a moment rage,
There, in peace we'll ever joy;
Heav'n will all our griefs assuage,
Pain shall cease—for sin shall die;
And GOD shall reign, the *Father* and the *Friend*,
Dispensing peace and joy, time without end.
X. W. T.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE STORMY EVENING OF MONDAY, FEB. 22d, 1802.

WINTER stern at length has found us,
Snowy blasts assail our doors;
Snow increases all around us,
Howling bleak northwest wind roars.

Hark! the surly blast increasing,
Fiercely driving clouds of snow;
Now its lulling, but not ceasing;
Now more cold it seems to blow.

Now all you yourselves enjoying,
Full of glee we may suppose;
Singing, dancing, kissing, toying,
Tasting sweets which love bestows;

Think on them now on the ocean,
Shiv'ring with the freezing blast,
Tossed by the tempest's motion,
Or on some waste island cast:

Where a dreadful death they're fearing,
Frozen fingers, frozen toes;
Famine in their faces staring,—
Death ere long must end their woes.

Happy is your situation,
Where you know no such distress;
Thankful be for such a station,
And the comforts you possess.
T. W. de la TIENDA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[*The following was received, and is presumed to have been written during the late snow.*]

VERSES

To the SNOW BIRD.*

"How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
THOMPSON.

THOU sweet little songster, that gladdens the plain,
When winter spreads snow all around!
The sound of thy chirping enlivens the swain,
Who musingly treads o'er the ground.

Perch'd up on that bough, thy faint notes do ascend
To Heav'n, as incense so meet;
Over earth now so grave, thy warblings distend
A melody, charming and sweet.

Thou plum'd child of nature, O teach me thy art,
To banish fear, ill, care and strife!
To humbly support in distress my full part,
And dispel the dark glooms of this life!

With thee to chaunt matins each morn so sincere,
And wake all my senses to light!
To pour out my soul in smooth accents, and cheer
The wearisome watches of night.†

But ah! thou are gone!—thus to leave me alone,
Is cruel, unfriendly indeed;
Thy absence, with sorrow, I long will bemoan,—
For thy comp'ny often I need:

To learn me a lesson of wisdom sublime,
Dictated by WISDOM to thee;
That I to her ways may as freely incline,
As thou to thy bough in the tree.
AMELIA.

* A little bird that frequents our gardens, the male of which, has (though a faint) a sweet voice not unlike the yellow bird.

† In a calm winter night, it frequently whistles a few plaintive notes.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROMPTU,

ON MISS T.....T.

TO see good sense and beauty join'd,
I've heard was very rare;
But sense and beauty are combin'd
To form this lovely fair. C.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SNIP EXPOSTULATETH WITH THE ENIGMA MAKERS.

STAY Gents, who forge Enigmas rare,
Nor thus inflate each lovely lass;
They're told, sweet creatures! they are fair,
Full often by the *looking-glass*.
SNIP.